

# Eminem, Cleanin' Out My Closet

Where's my snare?  
I have no snare on my headphones  
There you go  
Yeah  
Yo yo

Have you ever been hated, or discriminated against?  
I have, I've been protested and demonstrated against  
Picket signs for my wicked rhymes, look at the times  
Sick as the mind of the motherfucking kid thats behind  
All this commotion, emotions run deep as oceans explodin'  
Tempers flarin' from parents just blow 'em off and keep goin'  
Not takin' nothin' from no one, give 'em hell long as I'm breathin'  
Keep kickin' ass in the mornin', and takin' names in the evenin'  
Leaving with a taste as sour as vinegar in their mouth  
See they can trigga me, but they'll neva figure me out  
Look at me now, I betcha probably sick of me now  
Ain't you mama, I 'ma make you look so ridiculous now

I'm sorry mama  
I never meant to hurt you  
I never meant to make you cry  
But tonight, I'm cleanin' out my closet  
One more time  
I said  
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But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet  
Ha!

I got some skeletons in my closet  
And I don't know if no one knows it  
So before they throw me inside my coffin and close it  
I'ma expose it, I'll take you back to '73  
Before I ever had a multi-platinum sellin' CD  
I was a baby maybe I was just a coupla months  
My faggot father must've had his panties up in a bunch  
'Cause he split, I wonder if he even kissed me goodbye  
No I don't, on second thought I just fuckin' wished he would die  
I look at Hailie and I couldn't picture leaving her side,  
Even if I hated Kim, I'd grit my teeth and I'd try to make it work  
With her at least for Hailie's sake  
I maybe made some mistakes  
But I'm only human but I'm man enough to face 'em today  
What I did was stupid, no doubt it was dumb  
But the smartest shit I did was take the bullets outta that gun  
Cause I'd of killed 'em shit I woulda shot Kim and them both  
It's my life, I'd like to welcome ya'll to the Eminem show

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Now I would never diss my own mama just to get recognition  
Take a second to listen 'fore you think this record is dissin'

But put yourself in my position, just try to envision  
Witnessin' your mama poppin' prescription pills in the kitchen  
Bitchin' that someone's always goin' through her purse and shit's missin'  
Goin' through public housin' systems, victim of Munchhausen's Syndrome  
My whole life I was made to believe I was sick when I wasn't  
'Til I grew up, now I blew up it makes you sick to ya stomach, doesn't it?  
Wasn't it the reason you made that CD for me, MA?  
So you could try to justify the way you treated me, MA?  
But guess what, ya gettin' older now and it's cold when yer lonely  
And Nathan's growin' up so quick he's going to know that yer phony  
And Hailie's getting' so big now, you should see her, she's beautiful  
But you'll never see her, she won't even be at your FUNERAL  
See whets hurts me the most, is you won't admit you was wrong  
Bitch do your song, keep tellin' yaself that you was a mom  
But how dare you try to take when you didn't help me to get,  
you selfish bitch  
I hope you fuckin' burn in hell for this shit  
Remember when Ronnie died and you said you wished it was me?  
Well guess what, I am dead, dead to you as can be!!

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